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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The aged Man with Silvery Hair.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

How lone and sad he walks along
Absorbed in thoughts of other days;
He heeds not now the blue-bird's song,
Nor listens to his varied lays;
Ah! no! his mind is filled with care—
The aged man with silvery hair.

I see him when he sees not me—
With thoughtful steps he treaded the ground;
His eye doth wander full and free,
But oftener sadly glances round,
As silently he breathes a prayer—
That aged man with silvery hair.

He thinks of childhood's playful hours;
When innocence was all his own—
He thinks of manhood's sadder time,
When sorrow made him pale and lone;
He thinks of age, and death that's near—
He thinks of heaven—and drops a tear.

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

FROM Germantown, the American army retreated to their camp on Skippock creek, where they remained until the 29th Oct., and then removed to Whittemarsh about fourteen miles from Philadelphia and six from Mount Airy at the head of Germantown. At this pleasant little village, they lay encamped for five or six weeks, and soon after their arrival narrowly escaped a night attack by the whole British army before they were prepared for it; but owing to the energy and patriotism of Lydia Darrach, a Quaker lady of Philadelphia, they got warning in time to make the necessary preparation. When the British approached early in the morning, they found the camp so well fortified that, without making any further attempt, they returned to the city, feeling and saying that they had gone on "a fool's errand." Sir William, with the design of procuring supplies for his army and of opening the navigation of the Delaware, had ordered a reinforcement from New York, and Cornwallis threatened a descent upon the Jerseys. To baffle his designs, Greene was despatched with a force of three thousand men; but before he could form a junction of his own with the brigades of Huntington and Varnum, Cornwallis had received such reinforcements from New York that any attempt on Greene's part would have been imprudent; and, about the last of November, he was ordered back to the camp at Whittemarsh. On the 16th of Dec., Washington, after holding a council of officers, removed his camp and went into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

While at Whittemarsh, some little skirmishes took place, which did not amount to much. Other projects of more importance were suggested, but the men were so destitute of clothing suitable for the winter, that they were utterly unfit for marching; and on their way to Valley Forge, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, hundreds of the soldiers tracked the snow, then several inches deep, with the blood from their bare feet. The winter was intensely severe and the sufferings of the soldiers, without clothing, tents and wholesome provisions, were, for weeks, almost beyond endurance, and the more we reflect upon their condition the more we admire the sternness of their patriotism.

Here, amidst other perils and sufferings which were almost overwhelming, the intrigues which had been, for some time, carrying on for the overthrow of Washington and commonly known as "Conway's cabal," broke out into open opposition and caused an immensity of trouble. In this shameful affair, several officers of high rank in the army were concerned, such as Conway, Gates,

Lee and some others. Conway's motives for deserting his brigade, in the battle of Germantown, when in the full tide of success, were explained, or supposed to be explained; for, as he was then intriguing against the Commander-in-chief, if a victory had been gained on that occasion, his plans would have been entirely frustrated. Some members of Congress, for a time, sided with the cabal; but Congress, as a body, eventually stood by their chief, and Conway was denounced, deprived of his commission and came to a miserable end.

The whole department for supplying the army was in sad confusion; the clother general wanted money, the commissary general could find nothing to purchase, and the quartermaster general had not been in camp since the middle of summer, the only shelter the men had were log-huts rudely constructed in the dead of winter, and a little better than Indian wigwams; owing to the want of hospitals, wholesome provisions and good accommodations, sickness invaded the camp to an alarming extent, and carried away multitudes to the grave. On the 1st of February, about four thousand were reported as unfit for duty, for the want of clothing, and the army was on the point of disbanding. Something must be done, or give up the cause, and Congress passed an order authorizing Washington to impress provisions and clothing wherever they could be found within seventy miles of his quarters; and, as there was no other alternative, though utterly repugnant to his humane and generous feelings, he appointed Gen. Greene to execute the order. Yielding, however reluctantly, to the urgency of the case, and sustained by the highest authority of the nation, to which he always bowed with becoming deference, he entered on his duties in the spirit of a hero and the honesty of a patriot; and the wants of the army were soon supplied. His well-known ability, his long-tried integrity and his habit of attending to everything, large or small, that had a bearing on the accomplishment of his purpose, pointed him out, as the only man in the army who was competent to the all-important duties of quartermaster general, and Washington gave him that appointment. At first, he refused not from any feelings of insubordination, nor from any reluctance to serve the cause of Independence in whatever way required, but because his tendencies led him in another direction, or, perhaps, from a strong instinctive impression, such as is common with great minds, that he was destined to direct the armies of his country and to act his part on the field of bloody strife. At length he yielded to the pressing solicitation of the Commander-in-chief and accepted the appointment, not, however, without stipulating that if an engagement should take place, he might be permitted to resume his post; and nobly did he perform the task. Order rose out of chaos and light out of darkness. Life and courage were infused into the army; and that whole department, so immense and important, was systematized and rendered immediately efficient.

Altho' their sufferings were unparalleled and their discouragements overwhelming to all but true-hearted and enlightened patriots, much was done to raise the hopes of the country and of



PILOT MOUNTAIN, Surry County, N. C.—(See 2nd page.)

the Commander-in-chief. By great exertions, the army was recruited and placed on a respectable footing. The men were well drilled through the winter; the quartermaster's department, under Greene, was managed to the satisfaction of all; and Washington could hope that, when the next campaign opened, he would be able to act on the aggressive. The Marquis de la Fayette, who became so renowned by his disinterested and patriotic services, became a member of Washington's military family, and soon had opportunity to prove in a small way, his zeal and his ability. On the 2d of May, Congress received the news that the king of France had concluded a treaty with the U. States, acknowledging their independence and promised them all the assistance in his power. This gave the patriots an assurance of ultimate success and made it necessary that the British should change their plans of operations; for they would now have France to fight as well as America. Howe had been superseded by Sir Henry Clinton, and news came that a French fleet had sailed to intercept the British army in the Delaware. Their inactive and luxurious life in the city had done them more injury than an active campaign, and Sir Henry found it necessary to change his position. On the 18th of June, 1778, he marched out, and, crossing the river immediately, directed his course towards New York, but whether to Ambay, or directly to Staten Island by way of Brunswick, was kept a profound secret. At the last of his men left the city, an American corps entered and it was again free. Washington marched almost simultaneously with Clinton and crossed the river higher up. On the morning of the 22d, the whole of his army was on the eastern side of the river, and in such a position that they could give the enemy battle or decline as they chose. A council of war was called, in which Gen. Lee and most of the foreign officers were opposed to fighting; Wayne and Cadwallader were strongly in favor of an aggressive effort; Greene, Lafayette and Hamilton were, like Washington, for an engagement, as soon as a favorable opportunity occurred; but Congress, regarding a council of officers as a mere advisory body, had given the Commander-in-chief a discretionary power which he now determined to exercise, and made his arrangements accordingly. "You wish me to fight," said he to Greene and Lafayette; and the orders were instantly given which led to the battle of Monmouth. Lafayette was detached with a considerable force to hang on their rear, but allowed to act or not, as he deemed prudent. Their baggage train was guarded in the rear by Knyphausen, and every precaution was taken for security. Washington determined to make his assault upon this rear guard, and with all possible expedition, Lee was sent forward with a strong de-

livery to join Lafayette, under order, to engage the enemy and keep him employed until the main body could come to his assistance.

before they entered Elizabethtown which they had shortly before laid in ruins, and treated the inhabitants with the cruelty of savages. They escaped to New York, and Greene returned to Washington's camp in the Highland.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To Poetical Contributors for '59.

BY JAMES P. LUNSFORD.

A rustic bard whose strains not oft are heard,
Salutes you with an unpretending lay;
And while he would not flatter, not a word
Is meant to awaken another word in pay:
Indeed the poet to some future day
Looks forward when the world's applause or
blame,
A final sentence, as the judges say,
Shall clothe his works with glory or with
shame.

A shallow reputation may be gained
By lines that have a body, but no soul,
And who they earn it may be greatly pained
To find it not subject to control;
But like a chartless bark upon some shoal
Or quicksand, it's wrecked and left alone,
And not a word of pity may console.
The hapless one whose folly there is shown,

To such a fate not you nor I would lead
Could we foresee what may in time appear,
But with such caution regulate the speed
Of Pegasus, that there might be no fear
That critic pens would ever venture here,
To show that we from nature turned aside,
And let men know, tho' it should cost us dear,
She is the faithful poet's proper guide.

Where nature shall dictate what we may write,
None need to ask a hearing for the song;
The anxious eye will scan it with delight,
And in the soul emotions deep and strong
Will cause the theme to be remembered long;
Then in like numbers others may declare
Our thoughts are often right, but seldom wrong;
Such is the praise that each would gladly
share.

We would not have the reading world believe
That any standard has been reared by one,
Who thinks his lines unworthy to receive
Some notice from the critic's hand, which
done,

The author might indulge a wish to shun
The light in which his weakness was
trayed;
And while oblivion dwells around him, none
Would claim a portion in the fatal shade.

No editorial praise may feed our pride,
And self-esteem may languish when we see
That what to us seemed justice is denied,
While others write with zeal that cannot be
Of greater worth, and they are praised. To
me

This is no proper cause to justify
Despair. Perhaps it shall be seen that we
The thoughts which they most needed do
supply.

The tree of earliest growth has not much
strength
Of fibre, to resist the wind and sleet;
It's trunk upon the ground portrayed at length,
Its branches wrenched and now beneath our
feet,
May stir the minds of all whose eyes may meet
The prostrate ruin, and, perchance, they'll
sigh,
As this sad prospect does the tale repeat
Of ruined youths whose minds have soared
too high!

Not many years since first the muse inspired
My tongue with flowing numbers, and now
May venture much when actions more retired
Would sooner place a wreath upon my brow;
But whether men this honor e'er allow,

I find a pleasure in the exercise;
And now perhaps I ought to make my bow,
Nor ask of you a greater sacrifice.

Of time and patience, but my restless steed,
When once excited in the plashing race,
Stops not to reckon what may be his speed,
Or whether all his motions are with grace
Performed, so as to suit the time and place,
If this be criminal who can not see,
That none who occupy terrestrial space
From like excesses are entirely free.

Thus, human frailty still our excuse
For error in the action, word or thought;
And if not urged so oft that its abuse
Originates more serious faults, we ought
To grant it is legitimate, but naught,
If it be otherwise admitted, e'er can be
With equal deleterious influence fraught,
Involving all in one dark destiny!

Lumpkin, Ga.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery
of others could never hurt us. That's so.

The Pilot Mountain.

The mountain scenery of North Carolina shows the workings of Nature in the different aspects of Diversity, Beauty and Grandeur, in a degree, perhaps, equal to, if not surpassing, any other country of like area. An English gentleman and tourist says that, though he had crossed the Alps in a number of places, yet he had never seen any mountain scenery which he thought as beautiful as that of Western North Carolina.

It is our intention during the present year to present views of the most noticeable waterfalls, mountain peaks, &c., &c., for some of which we have already made arrangements, and are negotiating with proper artists for others. In the issue for this week we commence the series, presenting a view, on our first page, of the Pilot Mountain.

This work of nature is situated in the eastern part of Surry, N. C., near the line which divides that county from Stokes. It rises, an isolated pile, in the midst of a plain; no other mountains, nor even any considerable hills, being within many miles of it.

The ascent of the mountain to "the spring," an agreeable post of refreshment, more than half the distance to the top, is so gradual that the visitor may proceed on horseback. From this spot the acclivity becomes steeper until you reach the pinnacle, which presents an elevation of some two hundred feet. The only pass to the summit is on the north side, narrow, steep and difficult of ascent; yet it is considered by no means a difficult achievement, and the visitor is rewarded for his toil by an enchanting prospect of the surrounding country and mountain scenery in the distance. The dense and wide-stretching forest appears dotted with farms and hamlets. The Blue Ridge reposes in a long line of mountain heights on the north-west.—Eastward, in Stokes county, the Saura Town Mountains rise to the view, some of whose summits exceed the Pilot in height. And the Yadkin River, flowing down from the hills of Wilkes, and washing the western base of the mountain, "rolls its silvery flood" in a maze of light thro' the wilderness.

The result of measurements, taken by President Caldwell and Prof. Andrews, is as follows:

Height of Pilot Mountain from a base near Grassy Creek to the top of the trees 1551 ft.
Elevation of the pinnacle on the north side, at place of ascent 205 "
Elevation of same on south side 250 "
Highest perpendicular rock on the south side 114 "

"In the geology of the pinnacle there is something quite remarkable and curious. It is made up chiefly of mica slate and quartz; but each exhibits peculiar and interesting characters. Its rocky wall is full of rents from top to bottom, and it is also regularly stratified, the strata dipping eastward at an angle of only ten degrees. The most abundant rock is a peculiar kind of mica or grit rock, composed of very fine granular quartz, with flesh red mica intimately disseminated. The texture is exquisitely fine, and the cohesion is so loose that it may be frequently crumbled between the fingers into fine white sand."

At a point on the road between the Little Yadkin and Mount Airy, the traveler may obtain the most singular, and perhaps the finest view of the Pilot. One end of the mountain is there presented to the beholder in its most perfect pyramidal form. Its vast sides are seen sweeping up from the surrounding forest, gradually approaching and becoming steeper, until they terminate at the perpendicular and altar-like mass of rock which forms the summit.—It here gives an idea of some gigantic work of art, so regular and so surprisingly similar are the curves of its outlines, and so exactly over the centre does the towering pinnacle appear to be placed.

The name is said to be a translation of an Indian appellation, signifying Pilot, called so by the aborigines because the mountain served as a beacon to pilot them in their forest wanderings through a great extent of surrounding country.

It satisfies the eye, and fills the soul with a calm and solemn delight to gaze upon the Pilot. Whether touched by the fleecy wings of the morning clouds, or piercing the glittering skies of noon, or resting in the mellow tints of evening; whether bathed in the pale light of the moon, or enveloped in the surges of the

tempest, with the lightning flashing round its brow—it stands ever, ever the same—its foundations in the depths of the earth, and its summit rising in solitary grandeur to the heavens—the twin of Time and emblem of Eternity—just as it rose under its Maker's hand on the morning of creation, and just as it shall stand when the last generation shall gaze upon it for the last time.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.; Including a journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By Jas. Boswell, Esq. 4 vols. 12mo, sheep. Price \$6. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1859.

There are some as strange phenomena in the world of Letters as in the great world of Nature. There are many great minds and many small minds, and there are many great books and a great many small books, the offsprings of these great and these small minds. And it is the regular course of nature that a great work should emanate from a great master mind, and a small work (generally) from a small, and sometimes from a great mind. But it is a phenomenon almost unknown in the literature of the world, that one of the greatest books contained in that vast literature should emanate from one of the smallest, meanest minds ever possessed by man. But such a state of things has really existed. Jas. Boswell, one of the smallest, meanest minded of men, has written the Life of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the most incomparably excellent work in all the range of Biography. The Life of Johnson, as it has been well remarked by a renowned English essayist, is one of the best books in the world. It is assuredly a great, a very great, work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets.—Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists.—Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly, that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere. We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so singular a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography—Boswell has beaten them all. His book resembles nothing so much as the conversation of the inmates of the Palace of Truth. And yet the man who produced this stupendous literary performance, "was, if we may give any credit to his own account," says the same authority, or the united testimony of all who knew him, man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality, by not having been alive when the *Dunciad* was written. Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a bore. He was the laughing stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame. He was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man, and begging to be spit upon and trampled upon. He was always earning some ridiculous nickname, and then "binding it as a crown unto him"—not merely in metaphor, but literally. He exhibited himself at the Shakespeare Jubilee to all the crowd which filled Stratford-on-Avon, with a placard around his hat bearing the inscription of *Coriaria Boswell*. In his tour, he proclaimed to all the world, that at Edinburgh he was known by the appellation of *Pao*n* Boswell*. Servile and impudent—shallow and pedantic—a bigot and a sot—blasted with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a tale-bearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London—so curious to know everybody who was talked about, that Tory and High Churchman as he was, he maneuvered, we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine—so vain of the most childish distinctions, that, when he had been to court, he drove to the office where his book was being printed without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword;—such was this man: and such was content and proud to be.

The Life of Dr. Johnson by Boswell is conceded by all eminent critics to be one of the greatest literary efforts known to the world, and as being the ablest and best specimen of biography that has yet been produced. There is no personage in the whole vast range of literature so familiarly known to us as Dr. Johnson, the great prodigy in British literature, and known to us mainly through this master work of Boswell's. We learn and know much more of him from this production of Boswell's than from his own works. From his own works we can learn but particular traits in his character and his views upon particular subjects, whereas from this work we learn the character of Johnson in most

every conceivable aspect and under almost every imaginable set of circumstances, and learn his views upon almost every subject upon which he had any knowledge, and he had some acquaintance with almost every subject known to the human mind, from the most trivial to the most stupendous and important, and that, too, in his own language. Herein is where Boswell excels all other biographers. He followed the footsteps of his great master, with the most dogged curiosity and pertinacity, writing down every word that he uttered upon what subject soever; and has embraced all these memoranda in this, the work of his whole life. Wherein biography, generally, fails to meet the requirements of the reader's mind,—as to what the subject of the biography was, in private life, in his confidential relationships, and what views he entertained upon questions of (apparently) minor importance,—this work is, if anything, more full than in any other respect. From biography, generally speaking, we can learn but little else than what the man written about was, or, rather, what he appeared to be in public life. As any reflective mind will readily perceive the public life of any man, forms but a small portion of the man's life. It gives the reader but one aspect of his life; but one view of the picture. We see the mountain in the distance, but are left to infer what its constituent parts are. We behold the man upon the stage, engaged upon the theatre of action, of active life; he performs his part, whether in a commendable or a reprehensible manner, is either borne off upon the wave of popular applause and is hid from our view until he again turns up, flushed with victory, and goes through a similar process, or he is hissed off from the stage, and sinks beneath the notice of the clamorous crowd, and is lost to our view. What "the longings, strivings, yearnings" of that poor mortal in private, were—what, in fact, he was as a man, as contradistinguished from a public actor on the public stage, the biographer says not; we are left in darkness, to conjecture an inference. But it may be urged that all that is necessary to be known of a man, is, what he did in public, for the public weal. To this we cannot subscribe; but were we to attempt to do so, this question would arise, how much of what was merely *performed* by this or that man in public, was not actually prepared in private, amid the associations of private life? Was not all? Then why should we not follow this man to his private sanctuary, to his study, to his family fireside, and see what and scrutinize him there, and there learn the true sources of his greatness. For no man is truly great, who is not great in private life as well as in public life. The life of Dr. Johnson, biographically speaking, consists more of what he was in private life than what he was in public life; and what he was, what he thought, what he said and what he did, either in private or in public, is here given in detail by the inimitable Boswell. And so faithful and so true is the picture that "everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus' dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his diviner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his contortions, his midnight disputations, his mutterings, his grumblings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, his cat Hodge and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."

This great work of Boswell's has long been a classic in English literature, and will continue to be one of the greatest books in English literature, while that literature continues to be. It is one of that peculiar class of happily executed literary achievements of which the mind never tires with reading. We read it to-day, and we read it again next year, and it is as fresh, interesting and instructive then as it is to-day. It has been read by nearly every scholar and student of the literature of Great Britain, but owing to the great price at which it was heretofore held, the great mass of readers have been denied the pleasure of reading it. Happily this inconvenience has been removed, by the publication of this edition. And right here permit me to remark that this is, *par excellence*, the cheapest and best edition of this excellent work ever issued in America. It reflects great credit upon American enterprise, and I trust it will prove a source of profit to the liberal-minded gentlemen who have gone to the great expense of publishing it. As it is here published, it constitutes a part of that admirable series of most admirable books published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, of New York City; called

"The Standard British Classics." Of the major part of this series, which places within the reach of almost every individual, all the Works of the ablest authors of Great Britain, I have heretofore given my opinion, in successive number of "The Times." As to the literary merits of these works, it is almost needless to remark; each of them has become one of the classics in English literature. I wish merely to call my reader's attention to this superb edition of this celebrated work. The style in which it is here issued is the best in the world for convenience in reading, and for the library, while the typography is faultless,—being large, clear and open.

The paper and the binding are in style which corresponds with the excellence of the work. It is proper that I should here say that this is not merely a reprint of Croker's editions of Boswell. It contains all the notes by Mr. Croker, that were regarded as of value, and also many notes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Malone, Nichols, Steevens, Cumberland, Scott, Markland, Bunny, Blakway, Chalmers, Porter, Langton, and many others. It combines all the merits of all the previous editions of this great work with several additions now first printed. Taken as a whole, there is scarcely a more worthy book in the literature of Great Britain, or one that I should feel like commanding in stronger terms than Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Mr. Prescott's Method of Literary Labor.

Everything that relates to the historical labors of the late William H. Prescott is of interest. We have, therefore, prepared a somewhat minute sketch of the method of preparation and composition adopted by the deceased, by which he was enabled to overcome his impaired vision, and to place his name among the historians of the very first rank. Mr. Prescott, it is well known, though not blind, was affected with a disorder of the nerve of the eye, so that he was wholly incapacitated for reading and writing in the ordinary ways. He was exceedingly systematic in his mode of life and devoted five hours out of the twenty-four to his historical labors. After breakfast he listened for an hour to some light reading, novel, poem, or other entertainment. He then walked for an hour. At half-past ten o'clock his secretary came to his study and remained till twelve. Another walk of an hour was then taken, after which he went to his study and remained another hour and a half with his secretary. After dinner light reading was again resorted to, and at six o'clock the secretary returned and remained until eight. This routine of work and leisure was very rigidly observed throughout the season, during the years devoted to the preparation of his elaborate volumes.

Mr. Prescott's mode of writing history is this: we will take, for example, his last work, "Philip the Second." He arranged in his study all the books and manuscripts relating to that monarch, which had been years in collecting, at an expense of many thousand dollars. They numbered three or four hundred printed volumes of all sizes. There were also some twenty thick folios of manuscripts, richly bound, which probably cost more than all the rest of the collection, though some of the printed works are exceedingly rare and valuable—the libraries and bookstores of all Western Europe, from Cadiz to Amsterdam, having been ransacked by agents in search of everything that could throw light on the history of Philip the Second. Except dictionaries and other works of reference, books not specially relating to the subject in hand were excluded from the study.

With his materials thus gathered about him, the Historian commenced his work. The Secretary first read the only English history of the King and his Reign. Notes and observations were dictated as they were suggested by the book. Having refreshed his recollections by hearing this volume read, Mr. Prescott proceeded to examine the treasures he had collected. Each book was taken from the shelf in turn by the Secretary, who read aloud its title, its table of contents, and a few pages by way of a specimen of its style and character. Notes were taken while this examination was going on, which were preserved for future reference. Of the three or four hundred volumes, a great majority of course proved worthless, being either merely repetitions, or compilations or translations of preceding authors, or else, if original, without authority. The number of books of real value would be thus reduced down perhaps to a hundred.

The huge folios of MSS. were next attacked. These had been examined by a competent person, who prepared a careful digest and table of contents. The Secretary read this, and notes were dictated as he proceeded. Having thus as it were taken an account of stock, and ascertained the general character of his materials, they were next inspected in detail in the following manner: The first chapter of Philip the Second contains an account of the abdication and last days of his father and predecessor, Charles the Fifth. The Secretary found him every volume, printed or MSS., which contained anything

about the last named monarch. The books are in the English, French, Spanish, Italian and Latin languages. One by one they were read aloud, and copious notes were dictated. When everything that related to Charles the Fifth had thus been perused and noted, the historian began to compose his work; or, more properly speaking, to write it—for the process of composition had of course been going on in his mind during these preparatory labors.

The apparatus used by Mr. Prescott consisted of a frame the size of a common sheet of letter paper, with brass wires inserted to correspond with the number of lines marked. Thin carbonated paper was used, and instead of a pen the writer employed a stylus with an agate point. The great difficulty in the way of a person's writing in the ordinary manner, whose vision is impaired, arises from not knowing when the ink is exhausted, and moreover the lines will be run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by the simple arrangement just described. The pages thus written by Mr. Prescott were copied by the Secretary, and read, that such interlinings, alterations and amendments might be made, as were needed. The materials for the second chapter, on the early life of Philip, were next taken up, and the same process repeated, until the volume is ready for the printer. About six years were devoted to the first two volumes of Philip the Second, including the preparatory studies. These volumes appeared in 1855, the third of the series was issued within a few weeks, and it is understood that the fourth is considerably advanced.

The Hon. George Bancroft, in an eloquent tribute to his friend, before the New York Historical Society, thus referred to the studious and systematic habits of Mr. Prescott: "His habits were methodically exact; retiring early and ever, at the same hour, he early arose alike in winter and in summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, though in the soundest sleep, at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to laziness or delay. To the hours which he gave to his pursuits he adhered as scrupulously as possible, never lightly suffering them to be interfered with; now listening to his reader; now dictating what was to be written; now using his own eyes sparingly for reading; now writing by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in darkness; now passing time in thoughtfully revolving his great theme.

The excellence of his productions is, in part, transparent to every reader. Compare what others have left on the same subjects, and Prescott's superiority beams upon you from the contrast. The easy flow of his language and the faultless lucidity of his style, may make the reader forget the unrelenting toil which the narrative has cost; but the critical inquirer sees everywhere the fruits of investigation rigidly pursued, and an impartiality and soundness of judgment which give authority to every statement, and weight to every conclusion."

Mr. Prescott's library was adorned with striking portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella—of Columbus—of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal—and of most of the characters that figure in his histories. He possessed original letters of Ferdinand, Isabella and Charles V., and a piece of lace from the shroud of Cortes. The historian did not usually write in his library, but in a small room over it, made very light to meet the wants of one whose sight was imperfect. When fully prepared to write, Mr. Prescott's daily task would average about seven pages of one of his printed volumes. Most persons with perfect vision would complain if they were daily compelled to copy seven pages from these charming books.

The thirteen volumes which comprise Mr. Prescott's works are noble monuments to his life of labor and study. With a knowledge of the facts concerning their preparation, as above stated, who will not say all honor to the memory of the man whose patient toil, careful training, rare scholarship, and heroic devotion, produced the Histories of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Conquest of Mexico and Peru, and the Reign of Philip the Second!—Boston Transcript.

THE POST OFFICE BILL.—It is stated that the bill to abolish franking, which was reported from the House postal committee a few days ago, proposes to deprive Congressmen of the privilege, giving each member \$100 per annum in stamps as an offset, but it retains the privilege for the President, ex Presidents, Presidents' widows, Postmaster General and Deputies, Auditor and Chief Clerk, and for those postmasters whose annual pay is less than \$200. The bill also deprives newspapers of the privilege they now enjoy of having exchanges and their county circulation free. The last clause will prove an onerous burden upon newspaper publishers.

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT CAMPAIGN.—We learn from a Washington dispatch that arrangements are progressing for a new National Democratic paper in New York. A capital of \$100,000 is to be raised and Messrs. Pryor of the States, and Mr. Forsyth of Georgia, are to be the Editors.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

EMORY & HENRY COLLEGE, Va., }
February 7th, 1859.

Prosperity of the College—Daily Arrival of New Students—Their warm Reception—Contemplated Improvements—Orator for Commencement.

Dear Times:—Thinking that, perhaps, you and your readers would like to hear something of what is transpiring in these regions, I have jotted down a few items.

The College was never in a more prosperous condition. The annual catalogue will contain nearly 300 students, if they continue to come in as rapidly as during the past two or three weeks. Scarcely a day passes without the arrival of a new student.

The "neweys" are not subjected to the fiery ordeal of blacking clubs, Bumping Societies, &c., as at most institutions; but on the other hand are warmly received and cordially welcomed, and soon feel themselves perfectly at home. When a new student arrives, he is so overwhelmed with politeness and attention that he is completely bewildered, and cannot account for what is quite intelligible to the initiated. Verbum sat.

Owing to the increasing number of students, there is demand for more rooms, and, in order to have ample accommodations, the Trustees have determined to erect several edifices, which will be commenced as soon as possible. It is their intention to build a new Chapel, and halls for the two Literary Societies, which are to be disconnected with the main building.

I am happy to inform you that Rev. C. F. Deems has been selected to deliver the Annual Address before the Calliopean and Hermesian Societies at the ensuing Commencement. A better selection could not have been made. Adieu for the present.

SCRIBBLER.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1859.

Burns Celebration—Lecture Season—Religious Meetings—The Catholics in the Field—Bishop Ives—How the Liquor Goes—Taxes—Old Police—Hoops—Sewing Machines—Business—Snow—Salting the Streets—Gold—W. H. Prescott.

The Burns Celebration occupied a large space in the New York and Boston papers for nearly a week, and as it comes but once in a hundred years, the friends of the noble, old poet made the most of it. A brilliant array of talent assembled at Boston, and New York bore ample testimony of her high esteem for the hero of the occasion; songs, speeches, letters, prose and poetry, all lent *éclat* to the occasion.

There were, perhaps, never so many able lecturers in our city during one season as have been among us thus far, and the future is full of their coming. A regular course opens this week in the Academy of Music, the first one by Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher, who always draws and instructs large audiences. His subject is Aaron Burr. Mrs. Cornelia V. Hatch has been trying hard to "hatch" a new theological, or spiritual theory, in the minds of her hearers, but her nest eggs are usually "bad," and much cannot be hoped for in the way of moral reform.

The big religious meetings still continue without abatement in interest or numbers. Their continuance has provoked the Catholic community to emulate their example, and five Sunday Evening Lectures are announced, by Dr. Huntington, Bishop O'Connor, and Bishop Ives, formerly of N. C. They are to set forth the super-excellence of the Catholic above all other religions.

The importations show also the excellence of bad liquor, as nearly a quarter of a million of money was paid for imports in one week! leaving no doubt in an honest observer's mind that liquor is "going down."

It is thought now that the city taxes will exceed ten million! as—one item—the payment of the defunct, *break head* police of Mayor Wood will be \$125,000, for doing *nothing*, after being out of office for a year.Hoops! Heavens, women's hoops! The angel that took the live coal off the altar with tongs, "if he had now to lay it on a woman's lips, would have to do it with tongs, not his fingers or hands, as of old, as an approach to *arm's length* is out of the question. The hoop manufacture is immense, almost beyond *conception*. I knew one *moderate* *fancy* *house* which sold \$18,000 worth last spring, and they kept nothing but "notions;" and this is only a sample of thousands. One concern in this city has 200 sewing machines and six hundred hands in constant motion, and every tread, and every turn, and every stitch makes the hoops fly. It is well—for what had become of the poor seamstresses I know not, as nearly all the clothing houses now have their work made by machines, reducing the hands employed more than one half. The hoop trade gives employment to at least 10,000 girls in the city of New York. So, country ladies, if you wish to promote charitable "female institutions" in New York, "spread yourselves."

Business prospects were never better, notwithstanding the high price of many goods.

On Sunday we had one of the most beautiful snows I ever saw fall, covering the ground to the depth of five inches, and clinging to every twig, and limb, and branch, as it sometimes does "down South." It was followed by moderate weather and bright sunshine, and sleigh bells, and on the great thoroughfares by salt, which is used to melt the snow. Three hundred bushels dissolve Broadway from Fourteenth Street to the Battery, and about 500 bushels opens the Third Avenue car line, so that we are quite a "salty" people after all; and if "Lot's wife" were here, her countenance would certainly be spoiled in some of our snow storms, to help "clear the track."

The Quaker City brings a million and a half in gold.

The death of W. H. Prescott, the historian, spreads a heartfelt sorrow in all literary circles. He was an able and a useful man. Yours, E.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Boston February 3rd 1859.

Messrs. Editors:—In acknowledging the receipt of the "Times" for the new year, I must express the real satisfaction I feel, in viewing its Typographical appearance, together with the well selected articles which grace its columns. I know of no better compliment to give you, than briefly to say, that your Paper is every way worthy of and does honor to the place from which it emanates.We are now in the midst of our Winter Sports. We are in the enjoyment of excellent Sleighing—*and* street and road, in town and country resound to the music of the merrie Sleigh bells. Ladies and Gentlemen, beguile their leisure hours—*at* that most exciting of out-door amusements, Skating. We are favored with innumerable Ponds in the suburbs—and by artificial means our Citizens have flooded the different Parks in the city proper which having froze over, are now covered, day and night, by merrie bands of Skaters of all ages, who enter, with the keenest relish into this noble and healthy sport.The weather for the past month, has been the *ugh* all the various stages, peculiar to this fickle climate. The thermometer, which at the early part of the month indicated 10° below zero—has since risen to above 50°—changing in one day 40°. Business, which has been very dull since the fall appear on the point of reviving—and our merchants anticipate an active spring trade.

REPORTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Skating On Lake Sattenshall, Near New Haven, Ct.

Dear Times:—Undoubtedly a short letter respecting our winter amusements at the North will be read with interest by your patrons. The approach of winter is usually hailed with pleasure. First comes that *time-honored* occasion Thanksgiving, so dearly appreciated by every New Englander, when all the family—far and near—gather around the hearth-stone of their homestead and make it a day of domestic enjoyment. This is followed very closely by the Holidays, a season of merry making for old and young. Then rapidly come the sports of January and February.Prominent among these, ranks the skating fever—for such I may term it this season. Would dear Times you could just happen here about these days and spend a short period with your correspondent Paul, he would give you a *warm greeting*. I will suppose you are with me—may I not?

The weather is all that a pleasure-seeker can wish, for one of those mild spells—as some truant day of early spring had

wandered into February to frolic with the white locks of Old Winter, sending her soft rays of sunlight over lawn and woodland, making all nature beautiful and melow to the eye.

After breakfasting at the "Cottage," situated just under the brow of East Rock, amid scenery rural and grand—from the wall of my sanctum—a sort of curiosity shop—I take down my two pair of skates—"rockers"—feeling certain if your feet are not *tremendously* large, you will find them a fit. They are elegant skates! sir, real beauties! The runners shine like polished steel and the straps, jet black, attached to the walnut wood work, make them a dainty thing for the feet, and methinks I hear you say, "They are the thing!" And now, sir, please don that skating cap hanging over the oil painting, of old Put riding down the stone steps, and with this sack of mine, you are all fitted out, "take the larger pair of skates if you please?"

"Ha! ha! how well you look! Indeed, sir, I shall be proud of you!"

"I believe we are now ready, the lunch is packed in my trout basket. Just wait a single moment till I whistle for my gray hound, Revy, for I like to see his trim form frolicing on the ice. Ah! here he is, don't he look well?"

"Why, Revy, you are a beauty!" you say, as he gently lays at your feet and extends his forepaw as a token of kindness."

"Well we are off, friend Times, just

place your arm in mine, and we will take it leisurely to the depot. There will be a rush for the lake to-day. I think likely some *two thousand* people will be on it, and you may expect to see a great deal of pleasure. Out of the many skaters, one-third, if not more, will be ladies; so just get your *smiles* in *readiness*, where you can find them, for they will be needed, I assure you! Our leading street is very crowded, but do not be surprised, every one is off for a *skate*. Fathers with their family from Abraham down to Ruth the baby, all are going, because all will enjoy it! The little *fat* parson just a head is a wonderful clever chap and his off-hand style of dress marks him as a fair specimen of what Friar Tuck, in the tale of Robin Hood, might have been. Just behind is Prof. S. Jr.; also, on the opposite side you will notice that thin gentleman, he is Prof. S.—y. They both stand high as instructors at old Yale. You see that tall person with glasses driving through the crowd at a terrible rate, it is Tutor—, a keen Yankee, and a perfect detective at Yale, so say the students.If they are *out* for a "lark," he's sure to know of it, and what's more, they are *sure* to be politely invited to the President's room, where certain unpleasant questions are propounded to them and the answers requested immediately, to which the tall Tutor says, "Gentlemen, I am sure it was you, I saw you from behind the pump in the college yard, and heard one of you say, referring to me—"Let's go to Tutor—'s room and get him and ride him on a rail," to which you shouted and then disappeared. Then making a low bow to the President and *none at all* to the "boys" he departs, leaving them to the *mercy* of that most distinguished scholar to award justice if justice is required (?) and who never fails to punish the guilty in such a gentlemanly way that the poor Tutor is ever remembered with the *warmest sympathy* (?)At last we are at the depot among a sea of heads, little and big, all sizes and build, from the polite scholar down to the news-carrier of the street. "So dear Times, we will mingle with them and be *boys on* *one more*!" The iron-horse is harnessed to the ears and is belching out his hot breath as if impatient for the *chase*! Nearly twenty ears are packed with human freight, and such a *chatter! chatter!*—like an army of parrots—is all that greets the ears. Skates and lunch baskets are stored cleverly away over head, and the best of good feeling seems to abound. It is a short run, only five miles, over the N. H. & S. Road. "You will enjoy it, sir!"

Soon is heard "all a board!" and in another second we are passing from the underground depot amidst cheers and laughter, which does one's heart good to hear. In a few minutes we reach the village of F. H., that noted oyster centre; from the high bridge we are crossing the little white cottages appear very tasty; in the distance is seen the harbor, with Long Island Sound beyond, and dimly appears to the eye Long Island itself with its white beach gleaming in the rays of the sun. On! on! we fly:—

"By the foundry, past the forge, Through the plain and mountain gorge, Where the Cathedral rears its head, Where repose the silent dead! Monuments amid the grass Flit like spectres as we pass! By the margin of the lake, O'er the river, through the brake, O'er the bleak and dreary moor, On we hie with scream and roar! Over ridges, Gullies, bridges, By the bubbling rill, And mill— Highways, By-ways, Hollow, hill, Jumping, bumping, Rocking, roaring, Like forty thousand giants snoring!"

Till at last we hear the whistle proclaiming, we are at the lake. What a beautiful spot it is! nearly three miles long and one sheet of silvery ice; on its right rise high mountains and on the left open lawns and groves of tall oaks. How forcibly it brings to mind Percival's beautiful poem:

"On thy fair bosom silver lake!"

Crowds already throng the ice and the skaters almost fly! "Fair women," and, shall I quote it?—yes, I will, "brave men" make this winter's scene a perfect *carnival*. "Come, friend Times, we'll hurry to the ice! Is it not a fine sight, with the ice boats and sleigh chairs, and merry skaters in their gay attire?"

"Indeed, Paul, it is."

"Here we will put on our skates, and then be off!"

Soon are the steel shoes strapped tight to the feet, and we feel like birds ready to fly! Up the lake we go, passing and exchanging kind wishes with many.

"Ah, how well you skate! your strokes are elegant! the *true Dutch*! and the fancy by-plays, now and then, are well done. Look out for that lady, sir!"

"Oh, gracious, ma'am! please excuse me, but I did not see you!" as she falls, through mistake of you, Sir Times, on the glaring ice! "You are excusable, sir; thank you for lifting me to my feet, good day!" and off she goes with a merry laugh and smile.

Ice boats and sleigh chairs are continually sailing by, beauty and mauliness we meet at every turn, and it is cheering to

hear you say, "This is capital! I never saw the like before!"

"Would you like to ride in one of those sleigh chairs?"

"Indeed I should, Paul!"

"You shall have that pleasure. Here's one, please get in. Now, Revy, let me harness you to it with this piece of rope—all ready"—and off I start, followed by Revy who fairly flies with Mr. Times, like a good racer, as he is, far up the lake."

"This is true Yankee life, sir—those are the simen pure cow oysters on yonder stand served up at a shilling (12^c.) a bowl—crackers and butter included."

"We are called the 'State of Steady Habits,' but the bottles you see on Mr. Red Noses stand contain those most fragrant beverages, New England Rum and Cider Brandy. You seem surprised! yet it is the truth, as you and I are of the sober kind, I will not invite you to take a 'nip."

The Yale boys skate well, sir, *there*, that is beautiful! as they come down the lake twenty abreast in their blue yacht shirt and plaid skating cap. "Oh, there's that Miss again, how sweetly she smiles and waves her white gloved hand at me; why there are at least a dozen gentlemen after her, and she's coqueting with the whole, I do declare!" "Don't be alarmed, that's natural, she's a pretty figure, but don't be nervous about it, she's engaged after a six weeks courtship—it's Miss Arabella Lillybelle Blusbell—she is said to be a divine, that is to be. It is not her first engagement, no, indeed, sir; it is very common here at the North to run through at least four to six love matches before coming to common sense. But this may be only a puff of air, and if you are a single man, I will inform you when her hand is in market again. The bids will be high, fifty thousand will break the match at any moment—shall I make the offer (cash in cluded?"

"No! no! no! Don't think of it, Paul! I am horrified! What! bargain for a wife! and the lady is engaged at least six times. Really, this is strong. What a people you must be! farewell to love!"

So passes the day, fun is plenty, laughter from musical songsters in plaid and dresses, echoes and re-echoes over the ice from hill to plain, mingled with jovial college songs which make the hours fly gaily.

At last the notes from the Iron Steed bid us hasten from this amusement, and the joyous skaters, one and all, hie away to their homes, feeling better and stronger for their duties on the morrow.

Such has been our skating Carnival today, and if you ever happen in these localities, when this is the rage, believe me, it will give me the greatest pleasure to entertain you and yours as I have done in imagination this evening.

Truly yours, PAUL RIVINWOOD.
Gift Cottage, New Haven, Feb. 2, '59.

Extraordinary Suicide.

A Man Buries Himself alive and takes poison in a Tomb.

The New Orleans Crescent of the 24th gives the following remarkable story of a suicide:

Sylvester Rupert, 37 years of age, an Englishman by birth, and by trade a ship-carver, lived with his wife and two children in a house on Perdido street. In Oct b r last the yellow fever, then prevailing counted among its victims the youngest child of the Ruperts—their little girl, Lizzie, about four years old, and the particular pet of the father. This was a blow from which the father never recovered. Not able to buy a tomb, he had the child buried in the ground in Greenwood Cemetery. The grief preyed heavily upon him. It was his only thought; and, being out of his regular employment, he found employment in his grief.

He bought a burial lot, and some bricks and other material, and with his own hands, and all alone in the cemetery, built himself a brick tomb. He had not the means to make the tomb a stylish one; so, in its mouth or entrance, he fitted a wooden frame, and on this frame he fitted a piece of board, and secured it with screws in its four corners. On this board, with which he enclosed the vault, (in lieu of the usual brick and mortar or marble slab,) he had carved nicely with his knife the burial inscription of his child. The tomb finished, he disinterred the child's body, and placed it there. He fastened the board with screws, in order that he might afterward have no trouble in removing it when he felt like gazing upon the decaying remains of his child.

This employment finished, it was his habit to visit the cemetery, open the tomb, and look at the corpse of his pet. He always carried a screw-driver in his pocket with which to remove and replace the board, and also to remove and replace the lid of the coffin. Neither the haggard aspect of the shrinking little corpse, nor the foul odor of its decay, could repel him in his morbid grief. His visits were frequent, and sometimes his wife went with him. He frequently complained to her that he could not get work; and this inability doubtless fostered the despondency which was drawing him to death. He frequently spoke of having no faith in the future, and of death as a desirable thing.

Ice boats and sleigh chairs are continually sailing by, beauty and mauliness we meet at every turn, and it is cheering to

On Wednesday he went to the cemetery with two shrubs which he had purchased, and planted them in front of the tomb. On Thursday, when he left home, he told his wife that if he had no better luck in finding work, she would never see him again. He also said something about having a place to rest.

That evening, or that night—for no one saw him in his gloomy proceedings—he visited the cemetery; taking with him his screw-driver, an iron trunk-handle, a small rod of iron, a piece of wire, some new screws, and a large vial of laudanum. Unscrewing the board of the tomb, he threw away the screws and filled the screw-holes in the board with clay.

With his new screws he then secured the trunk-handle to the inside of the board. This work, of course, had to be done outside the tomb. Pushing his child's coffin aside, he got in by its side, taking with him his poison and the other articles with which he had provided himself. His hat he placed upon the coffin; his coat which he had taken off, he wrapped around a brick for a pillow. He shut himself in with the board by means of a handle he had screwed to it, the board fitting outside the wooden frame. The iron bar, which was of the proper length, he placed across the frame inside. The thickness of the frame would not allow the bar to pass through the trunk handle on the inside of the board; so he secured the handle and the bar by means of his wire, coiling it through the one and around the other. He did not succeed in fitting the board squarely upon the frame. One corner of it caught upon the brickwork outside the frame; this he did not discover, probably owing to the darkness of the night; and but for this little circumstance his fate would probably have never been discovered, or not at least for many years. Having thus hid himself away, as he fancied, beyond mortal discovery, he drained off the contents of the laudanum bottle, composed himself on his back, placed the brick and coat beneath his head, and went to sleep, and off into the unknown region of suicides.

As he did not return home on Thursday night, his wife feared the worst, remembering well the tendency of his late conduct and the tenor of his parting words. On Friday morning she rose early and went out to the cemetery. She looked all around, and failed to find her husband. She went and looked at their tomb, and was about to leave, when she happened to notice that the board did not fit snugly into the frame as usual. Looking closer, she discovered the mud in the screw-holes; and putting her hand on the board, found it was standing loosely. She pulled it out a little, and the first thing she saw was the dead face of her husband. She fainted away, and laid in the grass she could not tell how long. She recovered at last, got up and went and informed the sexton, Mr. Merritt, of her discovery. The latter went and looked at things, and sent word to the coroner; and the inquest was held, as we stated, on Saturday.

The coroner's verdict was in accordance with the facts so plainly apparent—suicide by laudanum.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Feb 19, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CAREHRS, D.D., GEO. W. COOPER,
W. C. CUNNINGHAM, STEPHEN P. MILLER,
J. STARKE DILLOWAY, Prof. E. P. ROCKWELL,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, J. W. SWEENEY,
J. WOODWARD, G. W. THOMAS,
J. G. WHITTEMORE, FINLEY LINWOOD,
WILLIAM PABOR, LOTTIE LINWOOD,
MARY W. JANNINS, A. PERCY SPERRY,
DIA CANTRELL, Mrs. H. VERNON,
C. G. DUNN, PAUL D. WOOD,
A. G. FISHER, Mrs. D. W. LOWELL,
GRACE MELWOOD, Mrs. F. C. LOOMIS,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, CHARLES L. DODDS,
ED. ST. JOHN, R. A. D. WRIGHT,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS, and others.

Edgar Allan Poe.

There are those, who make it a point, in the criticism of a man's works, to enter into a criticism of his private character, or enlarge upon some topic of morality. The attempts of such reviewers, to vilify and traduce the character of some aspirant to literary honor, should be considered not only as improper, because unfair and "picayunish," but as dishonorable. Now we know the objection urged against such an assertion. We are conscious of the evil, exerted by the examples of great wicked men, and of the general good that would be accomplished, by the abolition or suppression of such writings. Byron and Shelley afford striking illustrations of this. But was it not owing to the severe criticism, of the Edinburgh Reviewers, of pieces worthy of some praise, for they were not altogether devoid of merit, that prompted and roused the bitter feelings of Byron, the malignity of his nature, which afterward characterized the great "satanic genius?" Upon Shelley's poetry, though wrapped in all the gilded trappings and brilliant beauties of wickedness, was heaped unbounded praise. Into the gorgeous garment of his poetry, wrought by a skilful genius, and decked with the colors of a most brilliant imagination, the threads of infidelity were immensely, artfully and surely interwoven. The warp was scarcely noticed by the "Scotch Reviewers," they were too deeply engaged in examining its bright hues. Now, we think that had Byron been encouraged, and Shelley discouraged, the effects produced by their writings would not have been grievous.

It is fact, not only historically, but also in a literary point of view, that persecution makes prosperity. Paradoxical as this may seem to some, yet it is proven by history most clearly and concisely. The annals of the church tell us this, and the efforts of the "Edinburgh Clique" to suppress rising geniuses in Scotland and England, and of the "North American Review Clique," prove the same thing. We hope, therefore, that the abuse and greedy criticism that have been heaped upon EDGAR ALLEN POE may work out the reputation which his writings justly deserve.

We do not here mean to extenuate the faults, or justify the vices of his private life, but what we do affirm is, that it is not the privilege of every one and any one to create prejudices by revealing the privacy of a life; and that only as it relates to his poetry, or literature generally, should it be noticed.

It cannot be doubted that Poe had *genius*, and that genius which constitutes the vigor and sweetness of his poetry, and the weirdness and beauty of his prose. Mr. J. R. Lowell, himself a writer of note, remarks concerning the genius of Poe:—"Mr. Poe has two of the prime qualities of genius, a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination."

And more could not be said in so few words.

In his prose writings both of these qualities are most amply and satisfactorily illustrated. The Gold-Bug furnishes a striking example. Not a thing that would tend to the final development of the plot is omitted. The position of a dog in its gambols, the burning of a paper of apparent uselessness, or at any rate of not much importance, a word said in passion, each and all are made to contribute to the completion of the design, and it is drawn with the skill of the most perfect artist. His other prose works are strikingly of the same nature.

Mr. Griswold in his Memoir of Mr. Poe says: "His realm was on the shadowy confines of human experience, among the abodes of crime, gloom and horror, and there he delighted to surround himself with images of beauty and of terror, to raise his solemn palaces and towers and spires in a night upon which should rise no sun. His minuteness of detail, refinement of reasoning, and propriety and power of language—the perfect keeping (to borrow a phrase from another domain of art) and apparent good faith with which he managed the evocation and exhibition of his strange and spectral and revolting creations—gave him an astonishing mastery over his readers, so that his books were closed as one would lay aside the nightmare or the spells of opium."

Mr. J. R. Lowell, in his essay entitled "Edgar A. Poe," says: "In his tales, Mr. Poe has chosen to exhibit his power chiefly in that dim region which stretches from the very utmost limits of the probable into weird confines of superstition and unreality. He combines in a very remarkable manner two faculties which are seldom united; a power of influencing the mind of the reader by the impalpable shadows of mystery, and a minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or a button unnoticed." From these high authorities we do not wish to differ, as all who have read any of his works will agree with the criticisms. The vague and indefinite, the "superstitious and unreal," have ever been the province of the poet and novelist. But no one has given such a terrible and terrifying effect to these unrealities of imagination, as has Poe. No one has ever portrayed with such vividness, such graphic power, these creations of genius. One can hear the tones of horror, see the glaring eyes of some bloodless demon, feel the presence of ghastly death. Shudders of dread convulse the frame, and chill the very blood. For days and for weeks, we fear that some dire fate awaits us, and often cannot but consider ourselves, and act

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

Now we do not wish to intimate, that we believe such a fascination of ideas, such weird stories are promotive of the advancement of the human intellect, or his moral culture, far from it; but this by no means detracts from the genius and ability of Poe, nay, it rather increases the credit due to his powers.

Frequently does Poe leave this sphere of terror, and tell of the sympathies of love, the happiness of life in words of glowing imagery and sweet beauty, and thus produces a bright, though chaste relief upon the dark and gloomy ground.

Such passages breathe a more heavenly fragrance, as the flower smell but sweet after the pelting rain; or they appear more beautiful, amid the withering scorn and shuddering fear, as the starlight is more beautiful after the fury of a storm.

But there is an objection to Poe's writings, and it cannot but be urged, and that is, the irreligiousness, sometimes even irreverence, with which he handles sacred things, and the attractive garb he throws around vice. We do not consider these objections as in any way contradictory to, or inconsistent with the remarks in the former part of this article; because the nature of the man here appears in his emanations, and it would be improper to slur over the deleterious effects produced by such writings. The charges made are not unfounded, as those who have extensively read his works, will acknowledge. In neither of these traits, does anything

appear *ostensibly* for the purpose of thus doing, but with a skill, a tact, the more dangerous, he has managed to insinuate, rather than to oppose. Truly the "insinuations of friends are more destructive than the opposition of enemies."

To one who has completed the reading of any one of Mr. Poe's most intensely interesting tales, this will be palpable. For the stories of horror and crime are apt to blunt the sensibilities, to render the crime less shocking, especially if there be thrown around the whole, a garb of melancholy interest.

Thus far we have treated only of his novels and tales, but Poe acted not only as novelist and tale-writer, but also as essayist and critic. He, during a great part of his literary career, served as sub-editor, or reviewer. His articles thus written, of course, were composed amid the pressure of editorial business, and without very much forethought, but still they are deserving of a passing notice. It has been remarked of him, by some one: "As a critic, Mr. Poe is aesthetically deficient. Unerring in his analysis of diction, metres and plots, he seemed wanting in perceiving the profounder ethics of art. His criticisms are, however, distinguished for scientific precision and coherence of logic. They have the exactness, and at the same time, the coldness of mathematical demonstrations. Yet they stand in striking contrast with the vague generalisms, and sharp personalities of the day. If deficient in warmth, they are also without the heat of partizanship. They are especially valuable as illustrating the great truth, too generally overlooked, that analytic power is a subordinate quality of the critic." In this criticism of a critic, by a critic, in some respects we agree, but in others we decidedly disagree. Mr. Poe was *aesthetically deficient*?" If it is meant by this expression, deficient in taste, in conceptions of beauty, we disagree in the criticism. His article in the "Literary of New York," on N. P. Willis, we think, demonstrates that he had a refined taste, and not only this, but those on Mrs. Osgood, George P. Morris and others, prove the same thing. It is not difficult to acknowledge, however, that he was *more* "distinguished for scientific precision, and coherence of logic," and especially that he was "unerring in his analysis of diction, metres and plots." It was on these accounts, that he was so dreaded by literary aspirants, for with his consent, it seemed, they crossed the bridge of popularity, or by his veto, they were repelled. By this we do not mean, that he was one of that class, that uses its efforts for the suppression of a rising candidate to literary honor, but rather one of those who considered the worth and genius, rather than wealth and distinction. He was merciless in his "analysis of plots." Few have excelled him in his judgment of style and diction. But his principal forte seemed to be his knowledge of prosody. No verse could pass his eye unscanned, and we be to the one who may have had slips in his measure. His mind seemed, likewise, a vast storehouse, in which were laid away all parallel passages from the poetry of any age and clime; so that, to him, it seemed no difficulty to substantiate a charge of plagiarism, or repel any such insinuation.

In the passage quoted, there is another clause decidedly objectionable. "If deficient in warmth, they are also without the heat of partizanship." There is nothing in Poe's criticism, to which we more object, than the heat of partizanship, or more correctly, the inconsistencies of partizanship. At one time, cool in his rejection, or faint in his praise of a work, at another protesting in vehemence against the author, or lauding his abilities, he presents a most inconsistent and inexplicable character. This variability can be attributed only to the impulses and feelings, by which he was actuated at different times, that is, only to the changes produced in his mind with regard to those whom he may be criticizing. To give evidence and weight to the above, we make a few quotations. On page 279 (3rd volume of Poe's works, Relfield,) we find:—"Messrs. Longfellow and Lowell,—are, upon the whole, perhaps, our best poets—although Bryant and one or two others are scarcely inferior." Yet all who have read the criti-

cisms entitled, "Mr. Longfellow and other Plagiariasts," "Mr. Longfellow," "Mr. Willis and the Drama," and "Longfellow's Ballads," know that there he expresses different opinions. On another occasion, Mr. Poe speaks of "The Confessions of a Poet":—"The book is silly enough of itself. My opinion of it is pretty nearly the opinion of the press at large. I have heard no person offer one serious word in its defense." Later than this, he says:—"The Confessions" are quite remarkable for artistic naivety and perfection. But on higher regards are they to be commended. I do not think, indeed, that a better book of its kind has been written in America."

Our readers see his inconsistency without further quotation.

To the reading world, Mr. Poe is better known as a poet, the author of "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee." An author of no little note, says concerning his poetry:—"His poems are constructed with a wonderful ingenuity and finished with consummate art. They display a sombre and weird imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty which was most agreeable to his temper." Can we say only this with regard to these wonderful productions? "The Raven" that masterly production of a masterly mind, the reading of which creates a sympathy for its author, and can not but call for praise and approbation, deserves a higher compliment than that. That exquisitely conceived and exquisitely finished poem, "Annabel Lee," so touching, so simple, so poetical, deserves more compliment. "The Haunted Palace" is not without its merits either, (Lowell styles it, Poe's masterpiece). "Lenore," "The Conqueror Worm," and others are highly poetical. We have not seen any where, any thing that exceeds this:

And all my days are trances,
And all my nighty dreams
Are where thy dark ey glances,
And where thy footstep gleans—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

We cannot say of these that they were constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art alone. We should rather say that they give evidence of true poetical genius, that they are full of purity of thought, tenderness of feeling, that they display not only a sombre and weird imagination, but an imagination susceptible of conceptions of beauty, truth, love and purity, and that they are clothed in a style becoming the poetical thought.

"Annabel Lee" has been justly admired, and though we not believe it to be the best, but among the best, yet our readers will pardon its insertion in full here:

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may
know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love, that was more
than love

I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the winged seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;

So that her high-born kinship came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—

Yes! that was the reason (as all men
know),

In this kingdom by the sea.)

That the wind came out of the cloud by
night,

Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than
the love

Of those who were older than we—

Or many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing
me dreams

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the
bright eyes

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
the side—

Of my darling—my darling—my life and
my bride,

In her sepulchre by the sounding sea.

There are others that are equally beau-

tiful, but we would not say more. "The

Raven" is accounted his masterpiece

generally.

There is something peculiarly interesting in the life of this poor, misguided man. Mournful yet pleasing is this contemplation, and we would like to carry it farther, but we would not lift the veil that seems to shroud his character—we would not peer into his privacy—but hope that he may not be one of those, to whom is applicable the passage—

"The evil, that men do, lives after them
The good is oft interred with their bones."

It is truly gratifying to know that we are not laboring wholly in vain in the effort to make for our homes a worthy family paper. And it is likewise gratifying to know we have the good wishes and co-operation of so many friends of home and home institutions, not only in all sections of this State, but in all the Southern States. Within the past few weeks our circulation has greatly increased, and is now much larger than ever before. But we hear of numerous clubs still being formed. A friend writes us from Georgia and states he is progressing with a club of fifty. "The Times," he says, "speaks for itself" better than I can for it. A paper of its appearance will take in our town." W. Gilmore Simms writes: "Your paper in its present aspect, has certainly undergone great improvements. I wish you every success in your enterprise." Another esteemed friend writes: "To say the Times, in its new dress has fully met the expectations of its numerous friends is, I think, a feeble expression. I had no idea your (before very excellent) paper could be so vastly improved. Instead of the first number being the best, it seems to have been the first round in the ladder. Each succeeding number becomes more and more interesting. I shall not attempt to express my high appreciation of the Times, as it now is, but shall let my future actions speak."

It were an easy matter to increase our circulation the present year to 10,000. And why may we not have one literary and family paper in the South with a sustaining circulation? "Where there is a will there is a way." And, kind friends, let's make an effort. The end is worthy of a trial. Let us no longer lag behind, but be masters of our fate.

THE GREENSBORO' TIMES.—This literary journal comes to us very much improved in matter and appearance. It is decidedly a home paper, and suited to a Southern home. Its original contents possess high literary merit—the contributions of Southern minds—the prevailing tone of which is refined and moral. The sweet and elevating tendency of its matter should, and we hope will, secure for this paper an extended circulation. Thousands of dollars go North annually for similar publications, containing less matter, of an inferior quality, which should be expended at home. The signs of prosperity which we discover in the "Times," induces us to believe that our people are awakening to a sense of their true interests, and their duty, as well as appreciating the efforts of Southern publishers to meet their wants. Terms, two dollars per annum; address Cole & Albright, Greensboro', N. C.—Knoxville (Tenn) Register.

The Times contains as large an amount of reading matter as most of the literary papers of the North and is not, like too many of them, filled with blood and thunder romances, but presents a variety of articles, at once instructive and entertaining, and with a moral and elevating tendency. Subscribe for it and encourage Southern enterprise.—Cheraw (S. C.) Poe Des. Herald.

Piccolomini receives \$1,000 a month, in addition to the travelling expenses of herself, family, and suit; and her visit to this country is the joint enterprise of Mr. Ullman, of the New York Academy of Music, and Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, who, after expenses, divide the profits between them, which are said to have been since her arrival here up to the close of her management in New York, \$53,000.

STATE STOCKS.—We note a considerable advance in North Carolina, Bonds at New York, 93 1/2; Virginia, 96 1/2; Tennessee, 92; Missouri, 86 1/2; Louisiana, 95.

The world should have its docket called and sluggards all defaulted, and those should be the "upper ten" whom labor hath exalted.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Human Life.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

Youth's fond dreams how much we cherish!
How we keep them still in view?
Yet, like morning flowers, they perish;
Pass away like early dew!

"Castles in the air" we make too,
And with a rapture at them gaze;
Yet these vanish in the wake too,
And inspire us with amaze!

Wealth too, in the future charms us,
And like Cranes we are blast—
Till the bankrupt's doom alarms us
And we find no place to rest!

Fortune then, like sunshine, brightening
Bids us life again renew;
And our gloomy skies enlightening
Nobler treasures brings to view;

When, the height of bliss attaining,
And life's acom strikes the eye,
Then, invincible death arraigning,
Utters "Mortal! thou must die!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CARRIE CRAWFORD,

—OR THE—

Reverie of Fortune Reversed.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

(Concluded.)

BELMONT was now in frequent consultation with Col. Crawford;—at times rejoicing apparently and then assuming a sad or serious countenance.—Something seemed to be on his mind, besides the wedding;—and yet occasionally, he would speak to Carrie in the most affectionate manner, and express his gratification, that she had concluded to yield to her father's urgent entreaties—even if she had disregarded his, since her father's wishes were in consonance with his own.

Carrie said little, for she saw that for some reason, Belmont was ill at ease.—Just on the point of being married, he was as restless at times as a Cataline! What could this mean? What but that there was something wrong somewhere? He looked this way and that—started at times—at times laughed vehemently—then instantly assumed a deep seriousness. The truth was, though unknown to the Crawford family—that the property of which he had lately come into possession, he had obtained by forging! and every moment he expected a constable to alight upon him—for he saw strangers in town known to have come from the West Indies, from time to time busily engaged with the attorneys; and he apprehended, that it might be on his account, so much did his own consciousness accuse and alarm him.

But situated as he was, and connected, as he had caused himself to be, with the marriage now at hand—he allowed things to take their course, for this indeed was all that he could do, without involving himself in ruin and at the risk of losing the hand of Carrie Crawford, to whom if he should be married, he thought, that if arrested he should have a better chance to escape. But there were other difficulties at hand. All this time in which he had been connected with Col. Crawford in mercantile business, he had been defrauding him—abstaining the funds of the establishment for his own private purposes. Hence he was pressed from without and from within. The marriage to himself, therefore, though one of interest was not one so joyous as he could have desired. Nevertheless he resolved to perform his part in it with a resolute countenance and the appearance of joy.

The time had now arrived—the guests had assembled—the preacher was in waiting—and all but the bride and bridegroom were in sight. These were in a few minutes to present themselves before the preacher. Carrie—not in tears—but with a breaking heart—and yet determined by some leger-de-main, or by refusing her consent to prevent a legal marriage. Belmont and she now stepped towards the ante-room—when lo! a con fusion was made at the door—and a cry was heard,—"Watch him!—watch the scoundrel!"

Belmont heard the cry and sprang for the door to flee—but alas! he was too late; the officer seized him by the arm and uttered "you are my prisoner!"

"Your prisoner?" said Belmont, "and who are you? By the powers of Je shurum! if I had a pistol I would blow you through!"

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Gentleman.—Have the kindness to walk with us. If you want any arms, we have them!"

Great consternation now existed at Col. Crawford's. A wedding interrupted by a constable was no ordinary occurrence and least expected at this time. The guests looked at Carrie with pity and surprise. They expected to see her in tears. What was their astonishment, then to find that she least of all was troubled by the occurrence, that had interrupted the nuptials. Colonel Crawford however was greatly undone by the affair—and yet not more so than alarmed, for he began to fear that his own property

might be involved. For if Belmont had abstracted from others, he might also have abstracted from him. He began to think now that he might have been imposed upon by a villain;—and, as Carrie had first intimated to him, by one whose sole object was to take him in *pecuniarily*. Hence he thought it necessary to look into his affairs. This he did, and found himself *minus* a large amount—how much indeed it was impossible for him to say, or even conjecture. Soon however he discovered that he was greatly, if not hopelessly involved. This caused him to be almost distracted, and to threaten to destroy himself. At this distress of her father Carrie became greatly alarmed, especially at times when he was apparently beside himself. Constantly, therefore, she watched him, and in various ways, tried to console him and divert his mind from his troubles to other things of a less fatal tendency.

Carrie had now the sympathy of her many friends, both in the town and the country, and by their generous advance of the requisite means she opened a small fancy store in P. and by constant attention to it and great economy, she made a comfortable living for herself and her father—he calling into exercise all his former philosophy to sustain him under his misfortunes. Thus for a year or two she sustained herself hearing from time to time from Livingston now advancing in reputation and wealth and influence. But the shock was too great for Col. Crawford. To have been wealthy and conspicuous in society—to have been highly honored indeed by the world, and to have looked down upon mankind with sort of contempt of their inferiority—and to have been reduced at once to penury and placed below those even whom he had regarded with disdain—this was too much for his proud spirit and though it did not impel him to do violence to himself—yet it wore upon his spirits to such an extent as to cause his premature death. He died, leaving Carrie alone in the world—alone except as she had the world.

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At the time that Carrie Crawford was expected to be married to Belmont, and was, as her friends supposed, unfortunately prevented from being married to him, it was frequently remarked by them:—"Now poor Carrie will have to toil on through life so differently from what she would have done had Belmont proved to be what he seemed, and had she married him as was her expectation." But Carrie and her friends did not sympathize in this matter, nor did they know what was before her. They knew little or nothing of her hatred of Belmont, nor of her regards for Livingston. They looked, as the world usually does, at the surface of things; they saw the glare of the wealth that Colonel Crawford's mercantile establishment and palace exhibited, and the parade and show exhibited by Belmont, and thought nothing of her feelings towards him, and of the impossibility which such a union as the one they had contemplated presented, of the existence of true happiness connected with it. They saw the *sparkling* of the wine—they knew nothing of its flavor! The exterior of things, like some mirrors, presented a beautiful show, but the true image did not come to view. A heavy heart lay beneath this pleasing glow, and that heart was Carrie's—or rather, it was *Charles Livingston's*! Belmont never had it—never cared for it! All that he wanted was gold—money—property! He was a mere fortune-hunter! And could such a man appreciate anything else? Could a lover of money be a lover of the quiet ties of the heart? As well might a miser long for the hand of a fair maiden as the sordid Belmont! And reader, Belmont was only a representative of many apparent lovers that have fallen under your eyes—perhaps of yourself! Will you excuse us for being personal? Then allow us to say *cautious*, "Never marry for money—why not marry for true affection? Why give your love to one that has no love for you? or why even profess to do so? O, if a man, be *manly*—if a maiden, love, *ad mira*, *adore*!"

Carrie Crawford determined to marry as her heart prompted or not at all! Hence she refused every offer, and doubtless she had many (for, what lady has not?) and resolved to wait for Charles Livingston's success in life and ability to move in an appropriate sphere; and she did wait even for a number of years. The time, too, came when he rose above every obstacle, and like the eagle, to which we have referred, after struggling against adverse circumstances, secured the elevation to which he aspired. Nor was Carrie unhappy during the lapse of these years. The consciousness of being loved by one whom she so much esteemed was an unfailing source to her of unalloyed pleasure. The thought sometimes came across her mind that he might desert her, for there are some wretches in this world who, after years of *professed* attachment, for the sake of some meaner consideration, cast off their first love; and yet this thought did not prey upon her feelings, for she was quite well assured that her fidelity would be rewarded, and she was able, therefore, at any time to say:

"Yes, though sea or ocean
Hide him from my view,
He will his devotion
To my heart renew!"

"Other smiles may meet him—
Fairer smiles than mine—
Yet no heart can greet him
As this heart of mine!"

"And will he forsake me,
And my love forego?
To his own he'll take me,
Mid its fervent glow!"

Charles Livingston returned from California—returned the same—not indeed in circumstances, but in heart—and joyous was the meeting between him and Carrie Crawford. Her former prospects in life now blasted did not quench his fervent glow of love. If reduced to penury by the confidence of her father in an impostor, she was the gem, notwithstanding, that she formerly was—the pearl that he had admired. He had never sought her, but her; her love was his highest aspiration; this he had gained years before and this he had retained to the present hour; nor did he now need her father's fortune—he had one of his own. Time and circumstances had favored him in his absence, and returned him wealthy and distinguished. All that he needed to consummate his bliss was the smile of his dear Carrie; this he had; she, too, needed only his; and yet they were to have more. Colonel Crawford's mansion had been sold at auction, and yet never had been paid for by the purchaser, it was therefore to be resold. Livingston was at hand to buy it. It went at a great sacrifice; Livingston bought it, and having refitted it, took thither his bride, for the wedding had now transpired and the two, united in heart before, had been united in hand. Shall we close the scene—why should we continue it? Does not the reader see that the course which Providence dictates is the best? that marriage from sinister motives is dangerous—that heart must be united to heart, or that the hand should not be joined to the hand? Why do we love? Is there no design in this reciproc-

cal regard which we possess for each other, and if so should it not be headed? Surely the voice of nature is the voice of God! How unwise then are those parents who would form matrimonial relations for their children. How ridiculous, too, are those artificial distinctions in society that interdict marriage because one party is considered in some respects inferior to the other—an inferiority frequently, perhaps, more nominal than real!

Fancy! then shall be my guide—
Over my longing heart preside!
If I love I ask no more,
Save the idol I adore!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

RECORD MEMORIES.

NUMBER ONE.

Images of the past often guide our meditations into a proper channel, and soothe or adnourish just as they have character. Very few persons, perhaps not one in a thousand who have the ability, keep a full record of their lives. It is said that the Hon. John Quincy Adams performed this labor from his youth until his death, forming in sixty years of activity, one hundred and eight folio volumes of manuscript diary. What a source of historical and curious revelation may be expected when his writings are given to the public!

Whilst I have no similar record on which to draw, I consider myself fortunate in possessing what becomes more precious, in my estimation, as time imparts solemnity to its influences—a file of newspapers, touched with a tinge of antiquity. With this key to sacred memories, I purpose opening sundry chambers of experience, filled with tenants whom I knew on life's busy stage, and representing such facts and situations as naturally tend to awaken sensibility and inspire reflection. I shall resort in the narrative.

By referring to a file of the *Carolina Sentinel*, published at Newbern in 1821, a happy announcement may be seen in November of that year, the marriage of a young couple whose names were the first I had ever seen in print when I was a spectator of the ceremony. The fact drew me into such a tangible relation to types, actually presenting to my eyes two dear schoolmates thus illustrated, that I held on to the paper until a period when it will again show itself in this picture.

The young gentleman, whom I shall call Bernard, had a rich father, who was the leading man of the county; had served in the Legislature of North Carolina, besides filling other public trusts, and who, in 1819, when President Monroe and suite, including Mr. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, were making their Southern tour, had the honor of entertaining them at his splendid country mansion. Well do I remember walking several miles to see the President of the United States who, as the almanac stated, received twenty-five thousand dollars a year—a sum which, in my imagination, exceeded all that history had recorded of individual profits! But the President and Secretary sacrificed their dignity so far as to walk out in the stable yard and look at a new cob mill in operation, scrutinizing the machinery, and pronouncing it a fine thing for crushing corn. A President, with \$25,000 a year in cash, condescending to take an interest in a cob mill, wholly destroyed my romance, and brought him down to a level with *human beings*, a platform far too humble for him to stand upon with the high prerogative to hang up boys who might be seen gazing at him too earnestly! I felt some apprehension of such a catastrophe, until I saw the good President behave quietly, and heard him talk like other men.

In 1820, the father of Bernard left a large estate for his three children, of whom he was the eldest. Soon after his marriage, the next year, he attained his majority, and set up as a planter on a somewhat large scale for those days. Bernard and his lovely wife agreed in their tastes; both resolute in acquiring property, and in the course of ten or fifteen years he had increased his possessions to a very large figure. Roberta (for such I will designate his wife) became the mother of several children and a group more prosperous and fine looking was rarely seen in the domestic circle. Bernard was untiring in his exertions to accumulate, and often in the excess of energy exposed himself to danger in the construction of his buildings. While sharing with his workmen in the adjustment of heavy mill timber, he was precipitated ten or fifteen feet on the shelving, and to all appearances killed, but while vitality had not been extinguished, his nervous system was so powerfully shocked that his intellect never recovered its former tone. His affairs had no longer the sagacious mind and correct judgment to guide them as before the accident. Whilst he appeared to manage as usual, he was in fact laboring under absolute confusion, yet so equal to his former capacity in the sight of others as to escape remark.

Roberta saw that the spirits of her husband were en sad, and that his mind did not act with its usual vigor. She knew that his property was large and unencumbered. With the hope of diverting his thoughts she proposed that they should remove to the city and share in the novelty and excitement to be found there. Besides some of her children were old enough to bring into society, and all of them required a better education than country schools afforded. Bernard loved his wife, and without opposition to her scheme set about its fulfillment. A fine dwelling was purchased in the most eligible part of the city; the richest furniture obtained, and soon his family was ushered into all the fashion and extravagance which a wealthy and educated planter might seem to justify. A portion of his time was passed at his country seat, within a few days' ride; but he was attentive to his loved ones, whom he saw gradually assuming higher ground in display and influence. His income was large, and his credit unbounded. He had been bold and successful in all his trades formerly, so much so that he had acquired a name pre-eminent for rectitude and responsibility in financial matters. The Banks afforded him accommodations, and his running account was duly adjusted. All this prosperity and enjoyment seemed as a natural consequence. In the meantime his sons, always supplied with money, had contracted habits of dissipation. They also ran heavily in debt. The entire household was overcome by improvidence, and yet Bernard did not see his danger.

At length he found himself ruined. Plantation, slaves, town property, credit, happiness—all swept away at a blow. His friends looked upon his failure as impossible. I heard one of his neighbors say he would have sold him a hundred thousand dollars worth of property on a credit, the morning of the day the explosion was announced. He was proverbially an honest man, proud of the good name which he inherited, and not less proud of the influence of wealth. Poor Bernard—the injury his mind had sustained by the accident at the mill, gave his worldly prospects the first check. Imperceptibly to himself, he became entangled in the net which his wife innocently spread in his path. The transition from plain, wholesome country life the allurements of a city, proved fatal. Roberta played the fashionable lady a few years, gave parties, exchanged formal visits, and dashed recklessly on, as vain minds are apt in a new social condition. Her sons were involved in the wreck; and after giving up all they had, the family beat their way Westward, and threw themselves upon the care of Roberta's father, who had several years before established his fortunes in Mississippi. The old gentleman provided them an humble home, where their griefs were shut out from the world, and plain clothing and food their only comfort. In the mean time the Mexican war came on, and the two oldest sons volunteered. They both died in the service; and to the parental sorrows, already full to overflowing was added the distress of bereavement.

In 1849, twenty eight years from the marriage, I wrote a letter filled with kind recollections of the past, and enclosed a slip from the newspaper of 1821, announcing that Bernard and Roberta were no longer twain, but one flesh. Although I am certain that I addressed the proper office, and that Bernard had ever been my friend from boyhood, he never returned an answer. His heart was broken, and he had no words to express his desolation. Death has since relieved his misfortunes, and poor Roberta has neither parent nor husband living!

My task would be incomplete were I not to indulge a reflection or two. Bernard was several years my senior, though we were at the neighborhood school together. He was thence placed under the direction of Mr. Bobbitt at Louisburg where his scholarship was much improved. In matrimony, Bernard was indeed a prize—young, handsome, wealthy, and of the purest moral character. I stood near him at the Hymenial altar, and saw him salute the prettiest bride of her day. Happy couple, then—a bright future. But the story has been told to show the instability of earthly things, and to draw our minds in an upward direction. I mourn whilst I chronicle the sufferings of my friend.

A LITTLE KISS.

Pope Adria died by a gnat. A Roman counsellor by a hair. Anacreon, the Greek poet, by a grape-seed. Charles the Sixth, by a mushroom. Stephen Girard, by a milk-cart. Jacob Ridgeway by a dray. General Taylor, by a bowl of berries. The Duke of Wellington, by a plate of venison. Abbott Lawrence, by an injudicious change of clothing. Rachel the tragedienne, from want of an extra dress in the cars between New York and Boston.

Life, being hang on such little things its preservation is a daily miracle; and that any of us should arrive at mature age is owing to the fact that there is an eye upon us which never sleeps; the eye of a Heavenly Father, whose loving kindness is over all his works—whose "mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening."

Politicians make fools of themselves; politicians make fools of others; and pretty girls make fools of both.

General Intelligence:

The telegraph announces that Mrs. Hartung, on trial at Albany for poisoning her husband, has been found 'guilty,' but adds:

"She is young and handsome, and her case has excited the greatest sympathy." Of course it does! Who believes a "young and handsome woman" is ever going to be hanged in New York.

The Hong Kong correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes: The English man-of-war on board of which Francis Key wrote the undying lines of the "Star Spangled Banner," while a prisoner on her decks, and while she, among others, was engaged in the attack upon Baltimore, is now permanently moored in this port.

The Portuguese residents of New York, not to be outdone by the Irish, Scotch, German, French, or Italian "nationalities," are going into the militia business, and have organized the first Portuguese company ever heard of in the United States.

KILLED.—A white man was run over by the Express train on the North Carolina Railroad, on Friday night last, just this side of Durham station. It is stated that he was lying with his head on the railing, supposed to be drunk.

NORTH CAROLINA AND NEW YORK FLOUR.—The "Rowan Mills Family Flour" was compared this week with the celebrated "Hiram Smith's Double Extra" costing \$8 in New York, and the decision given in favor of the Rowan Mills by one of our oldest merchants, who was the importer of the New York flour. Our people would consult their interests (to say nothing of State pride) by buying North Carolina instead of New York flour when they can get a better article at from \$1 to \$2 per bbl. less. Mr. Geo. F. Fisher is the agent for these mills, in Newbern, and generally keeps a supply of the flour on hand.—*Newbern Progress*.

A PERSONAL REFLECTION.—There are a great many funny affairs happening in the Southern boats in their downward trips in the night. Here is a case in point. The other evening a gentleman entered the main saloon of the steamboat *Baltimore*, baggage in hand, and walking up to what he conceived to be the marble counter of the ticket-office, demanded a ticket of the urbane gentleman behind the marble projection for Weldon, at the same time looking in his purse for the required amount of money. The supposed ticket agent did not reply, or tender a ticket, when the impatient traveler again demanded a ticket; no reply. Another demand, but no reply. The gentleman mistrusted something, and looking up, confessed the joke by unintentionally remarking that he believed he was talking to himself. Such was the case, and his reflection in the large mirror at the end of the saloon rapidly disappeared, amid the laughter of the passengers. At the table that evening there were sundry inquiries for tickets for Weldon. The man however, who wanted the ticket gone one, but did not show himself until the boat reached Acquia creek.—*Washington States*.

SOUTHERN DIRECT TRADE.—It is mentioned as a striking fact obtained from official sources, that the exports from the port of New York had fallen off in the year 1858 more than thirty millions of dollars, and that the exports from New Orleans had increased to that amount. It also appears that the decrease in the amount of imports into New York was about seventy millions of dollars. Thus there has been a deficiency of one hundred millions in the business of New Y. in one year. This state of things is taken as an indication that the Southern commercial cities are about to do a larger share than heretofore of the direct foreign trade.—*N. Y. Cor. Nat. Int.*

The accident which deprived Prescott of the use of one eye, says the Salem *Register*, and subsequently so impaired the power of vision in the other, was occasioned by a blow from a crust of bread thrown across the room by a fellowstudent in Commons Hall, near the close of his college career. This seeming calamity changed the whole current of his life, which he intended to devote to legal pursuits, and finally led him into that brilliant career as a historian in which he has achieved a world renowned honor for himself and his country.

THE U. S. TROOPS IN UTAH.—At latest accounts there were nearly four thousand men encamped at Camp Floyd, U. T., who were housed in huts built of adobes made by the Mormons. The camp is laid out like a city, in streets and squares and, it is stated, presents quite a pleasant appearance, with its houses of slate color.

HANDSOME DONATION.—Walter Harper, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., has donated \$100,000 worth of property to that city, for the purpose of establishing a hospital for the sick and aged poor within its limits.

The Chinese, in their proclamations, style the English and French "red haired foreign devils."

LIQUOR LAW IN INDIANA.—A "liquor law" has passed the Indiana House, fixing licenses at from \$50 to \$1,000, at the discretion of the county commissioners; assessing a fine not less than \$5 nor more than \$50 for every instance of selling without a license; prohibiting the sale on the Sabbath, or any election day, where the same may be held; prohibiting the selling to persons in the habit of being intoxicated, or to minors, under heavy penalties, with other stringent features.

WARIKE MOVEMENTS IN FRANCE.—By the *Asia* we have a few additional particulars relative to the warlike movements of France.

The French Regiments will shortly reinforce the garrison at Rome. Two brigades are organizing in Algeria for embarkation at a moment's notice.

Thirty thousand French troops are already on the Alpine frontiers.

The Austrian Government has requested Tuscany to assist Austria with men and money in case of war.

THE EMPIRE OF BRAZIL.—Brazil now occupies a very respectable position in the list of powerful nations. Her government is stable and permanent. There is considerable popular liberty, and the masses of her people are progressing rapidly in civilization. Her military and naval resources are large. She has a fleet of sixty two vessels of war, of which thirty are fine steamers. Her navy is more efficient and larger than ours. She has a standing army of 25,000 men, and her national guard numbers 400,000.

CALIFORNIA.—News to 3rd inst. report forty Indians killed in Round Valley by the settlers. The Moses Taylor brought \$1,300,000 in gold.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Chili is much disturbed, and Peru is on the eve of a revolution.

The next Southern Convention is to be held at Vicksburg, Miss., in May next.

Political.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Times writes—"The Hon. Wm. M. Churchill of Tennessee, went to Mexico some weeks ago as a secret agent of the United States Government, to make examination and report as to the true condition of parties there, the ability of either to sustain itself and the propriety of recognizing Juarez' Government of that Republic. It was supposed that his report would have been received, in part at least, by the Tennessee on her last trip, but it did not come to hand so far as I can learn. There is little doubt that it will arrive by next mail, and be followed immediately by the recognition of the Constitutional or Liberal Government. That done, a treaty, the points of which are already fully though informally agreed upon, will be concluded forthwith here at Washington, in time for the action of the senate of the United States before its adjournment. Such at least is the programme at present, and it will be carried out unless some event occurs which cannot be anticipated at this time."

HON. JAMES GUTHRIE FOR PRESIDENT.—This distinguished gentleman's claims to the nomination for the Presidency by the Charleston convention are just now being urged strongly by his friends in various portions of Kentucky. The Standard, a democratic paper published at Bowling Green has hoisted his name to the head of its columns for the Presidency in 1860, and has a very strong article presenting his claims to the nomination.

For Every Body!
The Largest, the Cheapest,
THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859.

ILLUSTRATED and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

TERMS in advance: 1 copy \$2; 6 copies \$10; 10 copies \$15; 50 copies \$50. And One Copy to the *Advertiser* up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August, 1st, 1858. 184—tf.

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GAR-DEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick, Greensborough, N. C.

Asparagus.—Giant, Purple Top.

Dear Beans.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.

Pole Beans.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Strawberry, Sciova, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.

Beets.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Flat Bassano, Early Scarlet, Early Yellow Turnip, Mangold Wurtzel.

Broccoli.—Early White, Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussels Sprouts.

Cabbage.—Early York, Early Sugar Leaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpareil, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large American Drumhead, Large Belgian, Large English Drumhead, True Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.

Cauliflower.—Early Loudon, Large Late A-stra, extra.

Carrot.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.

Celery.—Cole's Superb Dwarf, Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.

Cress.—Curled, or Peppergrass, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.

Cucumber.—Early Frame, Early Russian, earliest known, Early Cluster, London Long Green for pick', Short Green Prickly, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.

Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple, White.

Indian Corn.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint.

Lettuce.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage,

Melon.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.

Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, large and fine, Long Island Citron, for Preserves.

Mustard.—White or English, Brown, Nas-turtium.

Onion.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.

Okra.—Long White, Short Green.

Parsley.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.

Farsip.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.

Pepper.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bulb Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.

Peas.—J. R. & Co. earliest known, Extra Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early Dble. Blossom Frame, Eng. Large White Marrowfat, Black Eye'd Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatible Pod.

Pumpkin.—Connecticut Field, Large Cheese.

Ruiz.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.

Rhubarb.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria.

Salsify.—Or Vegetable Oyster.

Squash.—Early Yellow Bush Scopol, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall, or Winter Crookneck, Lime, Cocoonut, Sweet Potatoe.

Tomato.—Large Red, J. R. & Co. Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.

Turnip.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.

Ruta Baga.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liver-pool.

Sweet Herbs &c.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Sets, Yellow Onion Sets.

Jan. 25th, 1859. (4:2m.)

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE
JOURNAL will commence with the
next year, and the first number will be issued
about the middle of January. It will be published
monthly, and each number will contain
not less than thirty-two pages of reading
matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine
paper and in a style fully equal to the present
volume; the aim of those who have charge of it
will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the
cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State
Educational Association and under its control.

Through its pages the General Superintendent
of Common Schools will communicate with the
School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other
friends of education—

TERMS

(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time,
or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per
annum.

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy \$0.25

All Teachers and school officers are requested
to act as agents.

Journal and Times \$0.30

The Teacher who sends us the largest num-
ber of subscribers (not less than thirty) before
the first of January, will be entitled to half a
page of advertising for the year: The one sending
the next largest number will be entitled to
the fourth of a page: And each one sending
25 or more will be entitled to a card, not ex-
ceeding eight lines.

All communications should be ad-
dressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Edi-
tor, Greensboro, N. C.

Editor will confer a favor by inserting
or noticing.

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(Invariably in Advance)

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"I DON'T CARE!"

My dear Little Readers:—Your "friend" travelled, today, nearly one hundred miles, to lecture tonight to little boys and girls; but being disappointed by circumstances, which he has not time to explain, he has thought best to occupy a leisure hour with the pen. It has been wisely said, "An idle brain is the Devil's workshop," and not wishing to give Satan a chance to tinker in my head I have concluded to sit down in this quiet, cosy room in the "Jamison House," to write a few lines, to the little readers of the Times, about the three ugly words, which you may see at the top of this letter.

Many of you know I love the little boys and girls: Yes, I delight to see them happy, in their gay sports and innocent amusements. I often stop in my walks, near the play-ground of some school, to witness their hilarity, when they are out, enjoying "recess" from their studies.

It does my heart good—for I have a young heart yet—to see those ruddy cheeks, all aglow with healthful exercise—to watch the nimble-footed youngster, as he trips away after the ball—listen to the merry peals of laughter, as they ring out upon the air—or see the overflowing fountain of fun, as it fairly leaps out of their bright eyes! Ah, at such times, I often think, as did the Poet—

"Oh! would I were a boy again!"

But how sad it is, in the midst of such delightful scenes, to hear bad words fall from the lips, where all should be pure and innocent; such was the case, a few days ago, at a village school. After giving the boys a little "talk," as I termed it, on the importance of making good use of the precious Spring-time of life, the Teacher said, "Recess," and out rushed the boys pell-mell, away to the playground. While I was seated at an open window, with the teacher, watching with pleasure their merry pranks, all at once I heard a bad word—a dreadful oath, uttered by one of the boys. The rest all seemed shocked to hear the "new scholar" swear!

They soon quit their play and started for the school house, and as they come slowly along, I heard a little fellow say—"shame! Freddy—the teacher heard you." "I don't care," said the bad boy, with a spiteful toss of the head.

Worse and worse, thought I. Ah, my little friends, it is bad enough to say wicked words and swear, but O when a boy becomes so wicked that he can say defiantly "I don't care," it makes me tremble; for I know such a boy has a hard heart and a stubborn will. Yes, he has started wrong; you may be sure of that, but where he will stop, no one can tell.

It is not my custom, dear children, when talking or writing to the young to use "big words" as you call them; but now I am going to write down a few long words, and if you do not know the meaning of any of them, just ask your parents or some kind friend to explain them to you.

PROFANE-SWEARER

SABBATH-BRAKED

DRUNKARD

MURDERER

PENITENTIARY

GALLOWS

Oh! what long, black list of bad things, and yet it might be made much longer. What a dreadful thought, too that all these horrid things and many more are in the world because people have such wicked hearts, as to act out the thoughts expressed in these three ugly words,—"I don't care!" Now let us see if that is not so. God says in the Bible—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,"—the profane swearer says, "I don't care!" God says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"—the sabbath-

breaker says, "I don't care!" God says, "Drunkards shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven!"—The drunkard says "I don't care!" God says, "Thou shalt not kill"—the murderer says, "I don't care!" But is that all? O no,—they go on saying and acting "I don't care" until they are shut up in the Penitentiary in a loathsome dungeon, or end their miserable career on the Gallows; and oh! if God does not have mercy on their souls, then they must spend a long Eternity in that dreadful place of torment the Bible calls Hell.

Now you can see, dear children; how many bad things come of those ugly words, "Don't care" and yet I have not mentioned one half. If I had time I could tell you of many more things, of which old "Don't Care" is the father; but perhaps I have said enough for this time. Now I will give you some verses, which I found in an old paper, about "Don't Care." I hope you will commit them to memory: and I trust you will ask the Savior to give you a new heart, which will not lead you to say "I don't care" when you are reproved for sin, or warned of danger.

Old "Don't Care" is a murderer foul,
And a murderer foul is he—
He beareth a halter in his hand,
And his staff is the gallows tree;
And stily he follows his victim on,
Through high degree and low,
And strangles him there, when least aware,
And striketh the fatal blow—
Hanging his victim high in the air,
A villain strong is old "Don't Care!"

He looks on the babe at its mother's breast,
And blighteth that blossom fair,
For its young buds wither, and fade, and die,
Neath the gaze of old "Don't care!"

And in place of these there springeth up
Full many a poisonous weed, [heart],
And their tendrils coil round the victim's
A blight and loathsome breed:

Blighting the spirit young and fair—
A villain strong is old "Don't Care!"

He meeteth bold manhood on his way,

And wrestleth with him there,

He fails a sure and an easy prey

To the strength of old "Don't Care;"

Then he plants his foot on the victim's breast,

And shoutheth with demon joy,

And treadeth the life from his panting heart,

And exulteth to destroy—

Crushing bold manhood every where,

A villain strong is old "Don't Care!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Palm Tree.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Oh graceful palm! that soft dost sway,
In the green islets far away.
Waving thy fringe of living green
Where hinc the vines a flowery screen;
And birds of color rich and strange
Through nisles of wondrous forest range;
Where bends the cozen's milk-white bloom
Waving thy green and graceful plume.
The native rests beneath thy shade
With leaves his cabin thatch is laid,
Of richest use thou art to him
In his far islet lone and dim.

And did he know to breathe a prayer
'Twould rise that thou dost flourish there!

Not here alone for thou dost keep
Watch where the buried empires sleep,
Where ruined shrine and broken fane
Tell the mournful tale remm;

Where the great Sphinx with stony eyes
Pares the glow of Egypt's skies.

Green dost thou wave, an emblem fair,
Of what once flourished proudly there!

On and on the shifting desert sands

Where travel long the weary bands,

Unblest by sight of leaf or flower,

Unblest by fragrant scents or shower,

Till from the far horizon's bound,

There rises an enchanted ground,

Perchance a fountain, cool and fair

And graceful palm tree thou art there!

A habitat of that waste

Laden with fruitage rich to taste,

And to the pilgrims, doubly blest,

The green oasis and its rest!

Again bright palm, we read of thee
As came the Christ of Galilee,

By Olive's bount, by calm Bethpage,

He passed upon His pilgrimage:

While fond hands plucked thy boughs

With shouts of triumph in his way.

Oh graceful palm! I pray that we,

Our mission may fulfil like thee,

And shower whatever be our lot

Kind words and deeds in every spot,

Content to do our mission well,

As thou wherever thou dost dwell!

We have some doctors in our midst,
whose talents they should use, by practising the healing art—healing boots and shoes.

Why is a discontented man like a watchful house-dog? Because he is a growler.

The man who lowered his voice, didn't let it down by ropes.

"I'm getting fat," as the loafer said, when he was stealing hard.

Self-respect is the noblest garment we can clothe ourselves in.

Beauty nipped in the waist is like a rose nipped in the bud.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the house keeper.

To GROW GRAPE CUTTINGS.—Have you a choice grape cutting that you want to grow? Then go to the woods, dig some roots of a wild grape vine, eat them into pieces of about six inches long, cut your choice grape vine or cutting into pieces of only one, or at most two buds; insert the lower end by the common cleft grafting method into the pie e of wild vine root; plant it in the earth, leaving the bud of the cutting just level with the top of the ground. Every one so made will grow, and in two years become bearing plants.

NEAT FARMING.—The Valley Farmer says very justly there is a slovenly practice among farmers, and some pretty good ones, of putting logs, brush, stumps, &c., &c., into the nearest branch or gully in the field. Sometimes they are put into the fence corners. Now I protest against anything of the sort. They are an abomination to a real neat farmer. If you cannot find time to burn them as they should be, then you had better make them into piles or heaps in the field, and plow around them; for after awhile you will get tired of going around them so often, and will set them on fire. Better dig pits, like the Florida man, and bury them.

Some men suffer bushes, briars and weeds to grow along the branches, and thus form a crooked, horrible looking hedge, fit harbour for snakes, frogs, minks, and other varmints. Clean out those places when you are tending your crops, or after harvest.

Instead of letting the bushes grow up along the branches, a good plan is to have a strip of meadow on each side. Along the margin of a branch the grass grows most luxuriously. A strip of meadow will catch the rich soil that washes from the adjacent fields and prevent it from being lost to the rightful owner. This is much better than to try to raise corn in the bends or crooks of the branches, where it is so difficult to plow, and infinitely better than to have those ugly crooked hedges. Brother farmer, I move that we repudiate such hedges. Who'll second the motion?

A very good sealing wax is made by melting together one ounce of Venetian turpentine, four ounces resin, and six ounces gum shellac. A beautiful red color may be given by adding one quarter of an ounce or less of vermillion.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR SOLES.—It consists merely in melting together tallow and common resin, in the proportion of two parts of the latter and applying the preparation hot, to the soles of the boots or shoes—as much of it as the leather will absorb. One substantial farmer declared that this little receipt alone has been worth to him more than the price of five years subscription to the newspaper publishing it.

To wash hair brushes never use soap—Take a piece of soda, dissolve it in warm water, **piece the brush in it**, taking care that the water covers only the bristles—it will almost instantly become white and clean. Place it in the air to dry with bristles downward and it will be as firm as a new brush.

TO MAKE A CHOWDER.—1st. Procure a hard fleshed fish, like a striped bass—than which nothing is better—one of six pounds will be sufficient for an ordinary family. Clean the fish in the coldest well water; split it from head to tail, and cut it then into pieces, half as large as your hand.

2d. An old-fashioned, round-bottomed pot is indispensable.

3d. Take half a pound of salt pork, slice it and fry it in the pot; then remove the pork, leaving the fat.

4th. Make a layer in the in the pot of fish; then season this with a little salt, red and black pepper, and a little (only a little) ground cloves and mace, on this sprinkle a small quantity of chopped onions, and a part of the fried pork chopped or cut into fine pieces.

5th. Cover this with a layer of split crackers.

6th. Another layer of fish, seasoning, chopped onions, and pork, as above.

7th. Another layer of cracker, and so continue till all the fish is used, letting the top layer be of crackers.

8th. Pour into the pot just water enough to cover the whole, set it on the fire and let it simmer, half an hour or so till the fish is tender to the touch of a fork. Great care should be taken that it does not come to a hard boil, but keep it just at the boiling point. Then remove the fish, crackers and all, with a skimmer, to a deep dish, leaving the gravy in the pot.

9th. Thicken the gravy with powdered crackers, add to it the juice of a lemon, half a tumblerful of good claret, and if it needs more seasoning, a little red and black pepper to your taste.

10th. Pour the gravy over the fish and crackers and all; garnish the dish with slices of lemon, serve warm, eat, and return thanks.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brach-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both cutting make the best Fire.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you please permit me to say, the answer, given in your last issue, is not correct. A denominative number multiplied by a denominative number gives a simple number, but a denominative number multiplied by a simple number gives a denominative number. Therefore, $8.25 \times 8.25 = 66.25$ and not 8.0625 as your Correspondent has it. $8.25 \times \$8.25 = \66.25 gives $\$66.25$. If this does not give him satisfaction, let him name the objection, and I am ready to meet it.

T. H. E.

TAKING A RECEIPT.—The Hartford Times vouches for the truth of the following story.

"Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweeney."

"I have the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine, if yer honor will give me the resate."

"We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called upon a second time for your fine."

"But your honor I'll not be wanting to pay the same till after I get the resate."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"If yer honor will write and give it to me I'll tell you."

"Well there's your receipt. Now what do you want to do with it?"

"I'll tell you. You see one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I go to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St. Peter will say, 'Who's there?' and I'll say, 'It's me, Pat Malone,' and he'll say, 'What do you want?' and I'll say, 'I want to come in,' and he'll say, 'Did you behave like a decent boy in the other world, and pay all the fines and such things?' and I'll say, 'Yes, you holiness,' and then he will want to see the resate and I'll not have to go ploddin' all over hell to find your honor to get one."

BEITER TO FIGHT THAN TO RUN.—That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might" said a clergyman to his son, one morning.

"So I did this morning," said Bill with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's finger ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why I whalloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, till he yelled like blazes. You should just hear him hollar, dad!"

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with:

"You should not have done that my child."

"Then he'd a whalloped me," replied the young hopeful.

"Better, said the sire, for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes but replied the hopeful, by way of a final clin